

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW.

BOWERY OPERA HOUSE.
No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

WOODS MUSEUM.
Broadway, corner of Third street.—MAZEPPA, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Matinee at 2 P. M.

THEATRE COMIQUE.
No. 514 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.
West Fourth street.—Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
No. 624 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.—THE BIG BOSS, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lewis, Miss Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert.

BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE.
Fulton avenue.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.
No. 555 Broadway.—FEMALE BARRIERS, at 8 P. M.

ROBINSON HALL.
West Fifth street.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue.—EVADNE, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Miss Clara Morris.

LYCUM THEATRE.
Fourteenth street and Broadway.—LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE, at 8 P. M. Miss Almoe.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Broadway, corner of Twenty-ninth street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

BROOKLYN THEATRE.
THE TWO ORPHANS, at 8 P. M.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.
Broadway.—ROAD TO RUIN, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M. Mr. Montague, Miss Jefferys-Lewis.

QUADRUPE SHEET.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1875.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be warmer and clear.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—The stock market was irregular. Gold advanced to 115½. Foreign exchange was firm. Money was easy on call loans at 2 and 3 per cent.

SEVENTY INDIANS have been captured by United States troops and are on their way, as prisoners, to Fort Leavenworth. Among these are Lone Wolf and other chiefs, distinguished for their many murders and cruel deeds. Kicking Bird, who betrayed his comrades, was disposed of with poison by a fair but treacherous squaw.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—By a special telegram report from Egypt, through London, we are informed that the scientists who went out to observe the eclipse of the sun were vastly disappointed. Heavy clouds obscured the great luminous ten minutes before the occurrence of the phenomenon, and thus rendered the work of the expeditionists almost fruitless.

THE CASE OF THE MUTINEERS, who committed the murders on board of the American schooner Jefferson Borden, was heard in one of the police courts of London yesterday. Captain Patterson gave testimony. The magistrate decided that the wounded sailors shall be detained until they are able to come into court and tell their story and hear the evidence against them. It is thought that an application will be made to the British government for the extradition of the men to America.

THE BESSEMER STEAMER ON TRIAL.—A special HERALD telegram by cable from London reports that a trial trip of the Bessemer steamer was made yesterday. A very numerous company, including many distinguished personages, was on board. The swinging saloon, the great mechanical attraction which, it is hoped, will prevent seasickness, was not worked; but we are not informed of the cause of the omission. When about to enter Calais harbor the steamer refused to obey her helm and dashed furiously on the woodwork of the pier, damaging the pier considerably and herself slightly. The passengers who were on board journeyed to Paris, whence they will return to England.

AN EXPLANATION IN ORDER.—In the Comptroller's quarterly report of claims against the county, audited and paid in 1873, are the following:—Warrant No. 5,789, in favor of Thomas J. Creamer, for salary as Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments for the month of August, 1872, \$833 33; warrant No. 2,870, in favor of Roswell H. Jerome, for salary as recognition clerk in the District Attorney's office for January, 1873, \$208 33; warrant No. 5,750, in favor of Charles McCaffrey, for salary as recording clerk of the County Clerk's office for August, 1872, \$90 22; warrants Nos. 878 and 8,269, in favor of James McCorvill, for \$35 each, for rent of premises for election purposes. But although in the said report these warrants are charged as having been paid to the parties entitled to them the Comptroller's books show that they were never so paid, but that, after being held by the Comptroller in his own possession until the 1st of May, 1874, they were then cancelled by him. By what authority were they credited as paid when they were not paid? By what authority were they withheld from the parties by the Comptroller? and under what provision of law were they cancelled by him? An explanation is in order.

The Wreck of the Schiller.

The tremendous physical powers of the earth, in comparison with which all the ingenuity and daring of man are futile and unavailing, have no expression greater than in the sea. The ocean at once divides and unites mankind. "There are no more Pyrenees," said Louis XIV., when he dreamed that France had conquered Spain; yet, although the mountains may be laid level with the plains and nations cease to be divided by their inaccessible peaks, the ocean still remains the unconquerable, the untamed element upon which the flag of no nation can be planted. In ancient days the sea was a terror, but modern commerce has made it an ordinary path. It is a convenience rather than an obstacle, and sometimes it takes terrible revenge. The words of Lord Byron are recalled when we read of such catastrophes as that which is recorded this morning—"such as creation's dawn beheld though rollest now." Majestic, magnificent, merciless was the ocean then, when man had no existence in the world, as now when its billows engulf in one hour hundreds of happy lives.

The loss of the steamship Schiller, which is fully chronicled in our columns, is one more proof of the utter helplessness of man when brought into conflict with the fearful forces of nature. The sea, which had again and again borne this fated bark in safety to her port, unexpectedly became her grave. We may calculate as well as we can the causes of this disaster, but we must not leave out of the problem the illimitable forces of nature. The sea rises in rebellion against man and avenges her apparent subjugation by insurrections against which human struggle is useless. Ships sail from peaceful ports and are never heard from again; a thousand fathoms low they founder. Armadas are sunk in the unsounded depths, and still the gray and melancholy waste, old ocean's unmonumented graveyard, hides in its profound abysses innumerable victims. It breaks upon the beach with delight, but its music has an undertone of grief—a dirge older than the race of man.

No more terrible conquest of the ocean is recorded since the Atlantic was wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland than that of the Schiller, a noble steamship, which sailed from this port not two weeks ago. The Schiller left New York for Hamburg April 28, intending to stop at Plymouth and Cherbourg, but was wrecked upon the Scilly Islands, southwest of England, on the Cornwall coast. This ship bore from New York more than three hundred lives, all of whom had reasonable hope of a safe and speedy passage. Ocean travel has become in the opinion of the public as safe as travel upon land. Steamers are continually crossing the Atlantic, and no traveler fears them more than we fear the street cars of the city. To go to Europe, or return thence, is now a pleasure trip, unattended with danger or excitement, with possibly a distant iceberg or a storm to make the passage entertaining. But the sea will not be disappointed of her prey. She exacts her penalty; she is inexorable in demanding her toll, and it has been fearfully paid by over two hundred passengers upon the Schiller, which now, with her cargo of dead, lies fathoms deep off the iron bound English coast.

The causes of this disaster are not fully explained, yet are not difficult to understand. The Schiller was a new steamer, built in 1873, and was a staunch and sound ship. The Eagle line, to which she had belonged, is bankrupt, but the steamer did full credit to the Glasgow shipbuilders who had launched her on the Clyde. Her passage from New York was evidently smooth and safe, until the ninth day of the voyage, when she struck upon the Retarriere ledge, near Bishop's Rock, off the southern point of the Scilly Islands. A heavy fog prevailed at the time. If the reader will glance at the map he will see that the Scilly Islands form a natural obstacle to Plymouth Sound; and, indeed, they have been heaped high with wrecks—high as ever the dead have been heaped in battle—in the records of modern navigation. They seem to invite shipwreck and to stretch a rocky, threatening arm between the hospitable shores of England and the adventurous West. Cooper, in one of his admirable sea novels, has described a narrow escape of an American ship from ruin upon the Scilly Islands, the rocks upon one hand and an English cruiser upon the other. Modern science has done its utmost to reduce the dangers which the Scilly Islands present to the navigator by placing lighthouses upon the dangerous reefs. But in this case the lights were shrouded in fog. In darkness the Schiller, "that fated bark, built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark," rushed upon that unmerciful barrier. We know but little of the terrible scene that followed. The Schiller lies broadside on the rocks, under water, her mainmast gone, and probably a complete and hopeless wreck. The sea was rough, preventing boats on shore from going to her relief, and of the three hundred and seventy persons on board the ship less than fifty are known to have been saved. There is a world of tragedies embodied in these cold and barren facts.

The responsibility of this awful shipwreck seems to rest with the officers of the ship. There was no storm, which might have placed the steamer at the mercy of the waves; there was simply a fog and the darkness of night. Conceding that none of the lights could have been seen, the fog bell at Bishop's Rock should have been heard. The ledge of Retarriere, upon which the Schiller struck, is said to be barely a third of a mile inside of Bishop's Rock, and our telegrams assign no reason why the officers of the steamer did not hear the alarm bell. The mystery of the wreck resembles that of the Ville du Havre, which went down in almost the middle of the Atlantic by reason of an unexplained collision. But even if the lights could not be seen, even if the fog bell of Bishop's Rock could not be heard, there was still one more chance for the unlucky Schiller. The British law accepts no excuse from captains whose vessels are wrecked upon this coast because of tides or winds. It holds that by constant and careful soundings with the lead the experienced navigator cannot fail to tell the dangerous proximity of his vessel to the coast, and condemns the captain who fails to see this danger.

We cannot yet tell whether the captain of the Schiller did all that was possible to avert this calamity. He is its victim, and it is but just to judge him charitably till the whole truth is known.

But the startling fact remains that in tranquil weather, off the well known coast of England—its quiet harbors not better known than its dangers—an American steamship was wrecked, with hundreds of passengers on board. These passengers had trusted themselves to the skill of the officers and the good faith of the steamship company. They are victims of a terrible blunder. There were on board of the Schiller the citizens of New York, Philadelphia and other cities, who sought pleasure or business advantages in Europe. Some of them were returning to their old homes to see their friends, others were for the first time seeking the delights and marvels of European capitals. Hundreds of them were suddenly engulfed in the devouring waves, with hardly a moment's warning of their fate. It cannot be that an event so terrible and apparently so unnecessary shall be overlooked as a mere accident of nature. Neither storm nor fire nor collision with other vessels caused the destruction of the unfortunate Schiller. She was lost upon a coast well known to experienced sailors; upon no new rock, but upon ancient reefs of immemorial danger, and somebody must be held to an awful responsibility. Ocean travel can never be safe if such accidents, as they are wrongly called, are tolerated. We trust that the investigation will be swift and thorough, and that the guilty persons will be fully punished if they have not already met the penalty of their own neglect. The sea is merciless to the guilty and the innocent alike, and therein is the more reason why man should be just.

The Ethan Allen Celebration.

The letter we print this morning completes the historical résumé of the events which occurred at Fort Ticonderoga a hundred years ago, now of so much interest on account of the celebration of the Ethan Allen Centennial, which takes place to-morrow. Twenty years before the beginning of the American Revolution the French and English were contending for dominion all along what is now our northern frontier, from Quebec to old Fort Duquesne. In 1755 General Braddock met his famous defeat in the meadows of the Youghiogheny, and three years later Abercrombie courted a fate not less terrible on that historic spot to which Allen owes much of his fame. It was at the cost of much blood that the English were able to capture Fort Ticonderoga, and then it was only to hold the work for a few years before it fell into the hands of the Americans as the first fruits of Lexington and Concord. Following that great success of the handful of Green Mountain boys whom Allen, guided by the brave and patriotic lad who led the small force into the fort just one hundred years ago, commanded on that eventful morning, was the battle of Bunker Hill and the subsequent evacuation of Boston and occupation of New York. Those were gloomy days for the struggling patriots, and if the projected expedition of Burgoyne was successful all the glories of Lexington, all the prowess of Allen and all the blood shed on the heights of Charlestown had been in vain. The whole country seemed at the mercy of the British commander, and his military genius was as overpowering as his military advantages. Few soldiers could have planted their guns on the heights of Mount Defiance as Burgoyne planted his while on the way to disaster and disgrace at Saratoga, and no one, save Allen, could have clambered up those steep declivities and captured them. The second achievement of the bold pioneer, whose name is associated forever with the picturesque region where thousands will assemble to-morrow to commemorate his valor, was scarcely less hazardous or glorious than the first. This adventurous spirit was no mere soldier of fortune; for though the Captain Dalgetty whose sword is for sale to whoever will bid the highest price for them have proved themselves brave soldiers on many a hotly contested field, his full of danger and no uncertain of reward. It was unselfish patriotism as well as unexampled courage which distinguished Ethan Allen, and his own account of the capture of Ticonderoga, which we reprint to-day, shows that the man and his acts are alike worthy to be commemorated at the scene of his exploits on the centennial of his great achievement.

The International Rifle Match.

Considerable anxiety exists in the public mind on the score of the Team selected to represent America in the coming international contest at Dublin. There is a feeling that had greater efforts been made valuable reinforcements could have been obtained from the South and West, where the true American rifleman is indigenous to the soil. It was among the class of men accustomed to handle the rifle from their youth that the public expected to see the champions of American marksmanship chiefly recruited, and the absence of men of this stamp from the Team gives cause for apprehension which we hope the issue may prove to be groundless. It is not, however, reassuring to find that the Team which goes across the water to support the honor of America should be almost identical with the one that contested with the Irish Team last year at Creedmoor. Even then, when the Irish riflemen shot with all the disadvantages of climate and want of acquaintance with the ground, the victory rested with America by only three points, and even this was due to an error on the part of one of the Irish riflemen, who lost a shot by firing on the wrong target. It is well known that several of the most reliable of the Irish riflemen were not able to come out to this country. There is, therefore, little reason to doubt that the American Team going to Ireland will have to contend with opponents still more formidable than those they encountered at Creedmoor, and this time with all the odds of climate and local knowledge against the Americans. Under these circumstances the gentlemen superintending the selection of the Team ought not to allow any red-tapism to interfere with the selection of the best possible men, whether or not they may have conformed to the rules laid down for competitors. Above

all things we want victory, and to attain this grand end all trivial considerations should be unhesitatingly set aside.

An Event in the Protestant Church.

The magnificent new Presbyterian church over which the Rev. Dr. Hall presides with so much acceptability will be dedicated to-day. Those who have watched the steady advance of New York in architectural beauty have not failed to notice the slow, majestic growth, the eloquent and almost poetic value of the building which has been gradually taking shape on Fifth avenue, within the shadow of our Central Park. It is not so much the edifice, however, as the fact that it represents the progress in this community of one of the most important branches of the Christian faith. The Rev. Dr. Hall has for a long time been recognized as the head of the Presbyterian denomination in the city of New York.

In our advance to metropolitan greatness there naturally has grown up all denominations of the Christian faith. Although Presbyterianism has not taken the same hold as Catholicism and perhaps other faiths, still it has always maintained a representative capacity. Its strength is not so much in the number or wealth of its congregations as in the character of the men who have accepted its doctrines. In the multitude of sects and nationalities which combine to form this Republic Presbyterianism has taken a large and prominent part. It goes back to the time when Calvin protested against the Episcopal and Catholic principle which three hundred years ago controlled Europe. It represents the genius of Knox, who, a few years after his great master, planted the seeds of the sturdy faith on the hard soil of Scotland. In England we find this growth in the Lollards of the fourteenth and fifteenth as well as in the Puritans of the sixteenth century. Not more than three centuries have elapsed since it became a formal denomination within the Christian churches of England, and yet its influence to-day is second only to that of the Established Church.

The Presbyterian denomination in America represents more than any other influence that of Scotland and Scottish ideas. For a long time it was feared that the liberalism of the American Republic, spreading, as it did, in the growth of those States, would be unfriendly to the establishment of any strict Presbyterian system. It is to the honor of the members of this Church that during the probationary years of our Republic, when we were uncertain as to the proper principles of government, the Presbyterians were true to liberty, temperance and justice. There were, of course, a large number of Presbyterians, who were willing to accept the government as it was, without regard to slavery and temperance; but it was in the Presbyterian fold that we found the one of the few Christian denominations which regarded slavery as a crime and was willing to testify its devotion to Calvin's ideas by debarring from its communion table all who would not accept in its trust and most absolute sense those maxims of the Gospel which prescribed purity of character, liberty of conscience and absolute freedom to all, without distinction of color, caste or race.

The dedication of this church of Dr. Hall is, therefore, the celebration of more than a mere local event. It is not alone that we have built a beautiful church on Fifth avenue, nor that we have given an almost royal home to a powerful and respected denomination. It is the foundation in this great city of another evidence of the spirit of Presbyterianism in this country. Although some of us may be disposed to question all the stern decrees of Calvin and regret the theology which in some respects is so harsh and unbending, and to hope for a religion which gave more consideration and hope to the weakness and temptations of human nature, still we respect in the Presbyterian Church the possession of those high and noble qualities which civil liberty would be a problem and free government impossible.

The Politicians and the Proposed Charter Reforms.

The action of the State Legislature on the various propositions to amend or change portions of the present New York city charter shows how desirable is the adoption of some constitutional provision regulating the government of cities in accordance with the views expressed by Governor Tilden. The two houses of the Legislature are politically antagonistic, the Senate having a republican and the Assembly a democratic majority. Every proposition to amend the charter in the interests of the city and the taxpayers is so framed or altered in the Senate as to increase the power and patronage of Comptroller Green or some other department officer who is in alliance with the republican party. Unless this end can be accomplished the proposed amendment finds no favor in the Senate. In like manner the charter amendments, when they reach the Assembly, are so changed as to increase the power and patronage of the democratic Mayor, and are rejected unless this object can be secured. So between the rival houses desirable measures are sacrificed and abuses are suffered to continue. No person denies that we need a very thorough reform in the business of street cleaning. The people of New York have been called upon for the last two or three years, under a government that has claimed a favor reform, to pay about a million dollars a year for this work, while the streets have been left to be cleaned by the rain, wind and sunshine, and except on a few favored thoroughfares scarcely a pretense has been made to assist the weather in the work. With the summer approaching the reeking filth of the neglected streets threatens the city with pestilence and death; yet all we can obtain from the Senate in the way of relief is a bill that gives to the present incapable and worthless street cleaning authorities the power to make contracts for three years, thus extending the existing evil that length of time. This outrageous proposition is made because the Street Cleaning Bureau is now under republican control. In the Assembly we are offered a change that contemplates a continuance of the existing evils, only giving the democratic Mayor and Common Council the choice of the persons who shall control the department, instead of leaving it in the hands of the Police Commissioners. Between the two propositions the people will be left without

any reform and the present abuses will be left untouched.

The city suffers from the lack of the power to properly repair the old streets and from the loose manner in which the public debt can be increased. But when it is proposed to alter the law so as to remedy these defects the Senate seizes the opportunity to make Comptroller Green a dictator over the city, and the Assembly responds by striving to make the amendments inure to the benefit of the Mayor and his democratic friends. Meanwhile it is a matter of indifference to the Legislature how much the city may be damaged and the taxpayers wronged by the failure of the charter amendments. The country representatives are resolved to promote the interests of their parties without regard to the interests of the metropolis. The Woodins of the Senate and the Lincolns of the Assembly look upon New York as a place to be worked for the profit of rural republicans, while such sturdy democrats as Fox and Jacobs, Waehner and Tim Campbell regard the city patronage as the legitimate spoils of the Tammany democracy, and will be satisfied with no reforms that do not help to fill the municipal offices with their own political followers. No portion of the State has suffered so severely as New York from the greedy schemes of the politicians, and any movement calculated to take the city out of the hands of the Legislature must be a welcome and substantial reform. Hence we hope yet to see a message on the subject of city governments from Governor Tilden, so that the people may have his views before them before the next election for the Senate and Assembly is held.

Waiting for the Verdict.

One takes a sad kind of interest in the tragedies which are being daily enacted in and near such a city as this. Every twenty-four hours furnish material for a novel of the most exciting order. Incidents are recorded in the columns of every newspaper which, if properly grouped into a literary composition, would convince almost any reader that the imagination of the writer had run riot. The New York life of which history takes note is enacted on the fashionable avenues and in the great mercantile exchanges. But far below this is another world, one of poverty and guilt, of temptation and remorse, like the mud at the bottom of the clear tide, where evils of every shape crawl and where untold crimes find a lurking place. Into this world the majority of ministers and philanthropists never peep, but from contact with it they shrink with a natural dread.

The inspiration of these dangerous classes is rum. Bad liquor is the chief source of courage to the criminal. He drinks when he is concocting his schemes, and he drinks his stirrup cup when he sets out on his midnight expedition. While sober there are certain limits to his audacity; but when the fire is in his veins he is like a wild beast of the forest, reckless of his own life and careless of the lives of others. What New York might become if the gin mills of the city were to be consumed by the blazing indignation of those who have lost, and more than lost, dear ones in this way, it might not be easy to say. No one can doubt, however, who has watched the progress of crime and looked into its causes, that if such an abolition could be effected the moral mercury would indicate a higher temperature at once. Here follows the last tragedy of drink:—

Mrs. Bridget Sheridan had finished her Sunday's work, and at four o'clock was watching her sleeping husband, when she heard a knock at the door. Almost before her invitation to enter could be uttered one Doyle came into the room with the unmistakable gait of drunkenness. Some men are happy when they drink. The mystic stimulus steals into the brain and unlocks every cell, letting out all sorts of queer conceits and brilliant sayings and repartees. They are better company and appear to be clearer headed when roused by a given amount of liquor. Richard is himself, his best self, after the dram. Other men are sleepy when they drink. A veil is drawn over the brain, and the mind burns as dimly as a candle in an impure atmosphere, and at last flickers and goes out. Such imbibers quietly drop under the table, and are not heard from until the next day. There are still others who grow to be ugly when they drink. Every demoniac propensity which is kept in tolerable subjection by sobriety is let loose by whiskey. In this latter catalogue we must write the name of Doyle. He staggered across the floor of Mrs. Sheridan's apartments, and, hitting his clumsy trunk against the table, upset it with all its dishes. This confusion worse confounded naturally roused the ire of the frugal housekeeper, who opened the door and suggested to Doyle, in language which does not appear in evidence, the propriety of a hasty leave-taking. Perhaps her voice lacked melody as she invited her guest to stand not upon the order of his going, but to go to once.

Doyle felt that his dignity had been insulted, and determined to avenge it. Under the hallucination of drink the offence magnified itself to his mind, and the possible consequences of what he might do were not thought of. The poor brute armed himself from the arsenal of the street with a brick and a paving stone and returned to Mrs. Sheridan's household to teach her and her husband better manners. With unsteady aim he hurled the brick, which just missed the head of the head of the family. He then took better aim, and with the paving stone brought the offender to the floor with a fractured skull.

After that the story went on in the usual way. A policeman took Doyle into the retirement of a cell, where he will have ample leisure to calculate the exact cost of a glass of whiskey. Mrs. Sheridan hurried to the doctor, who, good Samaritan as he was, seemed perfectly willing to visit the patient, provided he could get just a dollar for his trouble, but who preferred to sit in his easy chair and wait for a more remunerative call if the dollar was not forthcoming. But, in spite of the doctor's refusal to attend the case until he was compelled to, the wounded man died. If he had died under the care of the physician it would have been in the order of nature, but to die after the prescription of the doctor has been refused is a fact which invests the case with singular interest.

All this from a Sunday afternoon spree; bad whiskey the cause, and the result a funeral, a widow, two orphans and a prisoner under indictment for murder. This

however, is only one of a thousand episodes of a like character, and to-morrow we shall hear of another. Whose fault is it? That is a very serious question.

Pulpit Topics To-day.

The ascension of Christ, which the Church commemorates at this time, has not attracted very wide attention from the city pastors to-day, judging by their pulpit announcements. Mr. McCaffrey will set forth the joy which the Church feels in that event, while Dr. Porteus dilates on the agitation of belief in Episcopal Christendom and the authority and infallibility of the individual soul. Dr. Ewer continues his series of lectures on the worship of the Church in its internal structure and external aspect, and Mr. Newton will consider the historical Christ as impugned by scientific criticism, in continuance of his series on the conflicts of science and religion. Dr. Thompson will tell his people how to use God's gifts, and will present the salient features of the English Reformation, also in continuance of a series on Church history. The weariness of life will occupy Mr. Borel's attention and time, while Mr. Hepworth will give his "disciples" some suggestions about faith and works, and will demonstrate, for their comfort, that God's Kingdom is not of this world. Mr. Van Buskirk will tell another society of disciples when, where, by whom and by what authority the name "Christian" was first given to disciples of Christ. Dr. Ganse will show how God's presence, though real, may be unrecognized by men, as was the case in Jacob's experience. Sentimentalism is sometimes, though it never should be, mistaken for religion, and Mr. Pullman has set himself to brush away some of the glamour of sentimentalism, so that his people shall the better distinguish between the two, and so separating them they may attain rest in faith in this life. There are crosses in the life of every man, some have more and some less, but they are the lot of all. Dr. Deems has selected three of them on which he will speak to-day. Mr. Lloyd will encourage his hearers toward true manhood by the example of the three Hebrew young men in Babylon whose faith in God triumphed over the fierceness of the flame and the greater fury of a heathen monarch's wrath. Balaam will be set forth by Mr. Lightbourn as an example of love of money and a warning to the covetous. Mr. Willis will draw some useful lessons from summer and winter signs for the benefit of young men, and old ones, too. Affection and faith, as illustrated by Orpah and Ruth, will demand the attention of Dr. Holme, while Mr. Hawthorne will collate certain hindrances to spiritual development for his hearers, and show them something from God's record books.

Dr. Fulton, in Brooklyn, will touch the school question to-day in answer to the question, Shall the public schools become Papal or Christian? Mr. Hugo will treat this question also as one of the three strongholds of American liberty, and Mr. King will define Protestantism and Romanism, that his hearers may be able to note the distinctions. Mr. Lynn will present the practical side of Spiritualism and give some tests of the life beyond the grave. The labor agitation in its religious aspects will be discussed by and before the Reform League by Mr. Hume and others. Mr. Saunders will contrast Sinai and Zion, and will present the closing scenes in the life of the patriarch Jacob, and thus will the pulpits of New York and Brooklyn be occupied to-day.

ATHLETIC.—The annual trials of physical endurance which have come to be an accepted part of our college course were yesterday held by the students of Columbia and Princeton. The accounts we publish in another column of these contests will prove interesting to all who love manly sports. The young men went into the various trials of strength and endurance with enthusiasm.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Judge George F. Comstock, of Syracuse, is residing at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

George W. Childs and ex-Secretary of the Navy Bore are on a visit to the President.

Senator Augustus S. Merrimon, of North Carolina, is sojourning at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The owner of the educated hog has just committed suicide at Montgomery, Ala. The hog still lives.

The first question the President asks an applicant for office nowadays is whether he is a "Yale man."

Captains Asa H. Holgate and Herman Schreiner, United States Army, are quartered at the Everett House.

Señor Don Gabriel Mancera, a member of the Mexican Congress, is registered at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

The young fellows out West don't think much of Ethan Allen, because he did not know how to play base ball.

Mr. C. Koopmanschap, of "Chinese cheap labor" notoriety, arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday from San Francisco.

Senators Algernon S. Paddock and Phineas W. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, have taken up their residence at the Winslow Hotel.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Sheridan, father of Lieutenant General Sheridan, took place yesterday at Somerset, Ohio.

Judge Pierpont had a long conference with the President yesterday at the Executive Mansion. He returned to New York last night.

Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, when a hackman undertook to swindle him, spit on his hands and remarked that he was an American eagle all over. That settled it.

Baron and Baroness de Bussierre, of Paris, who have been residing in Washington for several months past, arrived in this city yesterday, and are at the Hoffman House. They will leave for Europe some time during the coming week.

Hon. William Annand retired yesterday from the Premiership of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Vail, Provincial Secretary, becomes the leader. Mr. Annand goes to England shortly as Immigration Agent for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Wang King-ki is a scholar and the son of a scholar, and he was a great favorite with the late Emperor. Chinese rumor has it that Wang accompanied his young master on those midnight excursions to which he seems to have eventually owed the disease of which he died. Wang's prospects are not so bright as they were.

Moncure D. Conway, in speaking of the lectures of Mr. George Smith, the young Assyriologist, says:—"It was something new for the fashionable audience at the Royal to listen to learned narratives from one who talked about 'Isidus' and 'Is' history," and who concluded 'on the 'ole,' thus and so." Conway 'it' the young scholar bon 'ip.